

# Morgan's Night Out

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Complete: **yes**

Synopsis Morgan is a young witch out for a night on the town. Unfortunately for her, her fun gets interrupted by a procession of rude individuals. Happily for her, she gets to give them a disproportionate and transformative piece of karma.

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Keywords: [Breast Enlargement](#) [Pregnant / Having a Baby](#)

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Content Warning: Contains male to female TG, inanimate TF, animal TG, rapid pregnancy, age regression, and racial TF. Themes of race are for story purposes only.

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## Morgan's Night Out

Ever since Morgan had discovered her transformative powers nearly a decade ago, her life had taken a turn for the wonderful. You see, each witch that comes of age quickly finds that her powers extend over a particular dominion. Some have power over plants - making healing herbs and helpful potions, as well as controlling plant-life - others have powers over life - raising the dead, extending and shortening lifespans and so forth.

For Morgan, her power was in transformation, both mental and physical. When she had come of age, she had discovered her ability to sculpt flesh as easily as a pottery worker sculpts clay. Easier, even. Dogs could become cats, animals become men, and men... men could become all sorts of things. For as far as Morgan was concerned, she'd won the power jackpot,

and was far more willing to use her talents to torment others and amuse herself than most witches. Which was not to say that she wasn't guided by a sense of morality; Morgan may have had the exaggerated whim that most all witches lay claim to, but she tried to ensure her magic would transform the bodies and minds of those who had, at the very least, committed some transgression. And if the punishment was often disproportionate to the nature of the crime, well, that was the chaos of magic in effect.

In her years of travelling across the world and drinking in its sights and sounds, Morgan's expertise in her art had grown. She had left in her wake a long line of victims: rude fast food customers turned into the very animals they wished to eat; catcalling construction workers stuck in new occupations as sexy female strippers and models; a selfish farmer's daughter having free access to all the milk she wants courtesy of an immense udder between her thighs; she had even turned a crew of whalers into a new pod of Sperm whales. Female sperm whales, of course. The species was listed as Vulnerable, and naturally the men deserved to bring new life into the world where once they had taken it. This was her way, and most of the time these victims never knew that there were others just like them.

That was not the case of this night, which for the small city of Elmont would prove to be a night of change for several of its denizens. On this night, Morgan was enjoying a night out on the town by herself. At twenty-seven years old, her own body modified from the skinny rake it used to be into a voluptuous form, the beautiful brunette made quite an impact as she entered her first club of the night. The music raged, the floor was full of dancers, and shots were emptied down eager throats.

"My kind of scene!" she declared to herself before moving into the crowd and joining the frenetic dancing.

It was twenty or so minutes later when she emerged from the dance floor both exhausted and feeling wonderful, and began moving towards the bar to get a drink. As she did a patron turned around and collided into her, causing the clumsy woman's drink to spill to the floor.

"Watch where you're going bitch!" the blonde growled angrily. She was drunk, and her boyfriend looked embarrassed, already urging her to move on and not make a scene.

Morgan was initially shocked, but quickly gave a cheshire's grin to the tall woman. She was a blonde beauty alright, in her early 20s, and Morgan had little doubt that this woman's good looks and expensive tastes had led to a haughty and entitled attitude in life.

"What's so funny bitch?" the woman spat, wobbling a little on her feet.

"Oh, nothing," she replied in a lackadaisical voice, "I'm just curious as to your name."

The woman scoffed, about to tell her that she had no intention of sharing her name with Morgan, until she was mesmerised by a set of impossibly green eyes and instead said "my name is Rosa." He shook his head in surprise.

"C'mon babe," her partner said, "let's get out here. Just leave the weird

lady alone."

But the girl continued to slur her offensive words. "No, I'm talking to this bitch. You heard me. I see you dressed up all slutty. You're just a bitch in heat looking for scraps. You couldn't land a man like me."

"Oh, this is delicious," Morgan replied.

"Babe, let's leave the crazy lady alone, okay. You're drunk."

Morgan cackled. "Oh, I was going to leave you alone, but crazy? Keep that attitude up and we'll see, mister. Well Rosa," Morgan continued, "if you're so willing to call other people a bitch, maybe it's time you became one."

"What the fuck are you -"

"Hey, don't call my girlfriend a bitch!"

But a green light was already spreading from Morgan's fingertips into the woman's form.

She shuddered a moment, eyes becoming panicky.

"What - what did you do to me?"

"Exactly what I said I would do," Morgan smiled, "turn you into a real bitch. Don't think I didn't notice you're wearing a real fur scarf. Let's see how you like fur a little closer to the skin."

In the excitement of the club no one paid attention to Rosa, which allowed Morgan to watch her transformation unfold. She loved this part; seeing their fear and the way they grappled with their changing body. The woman collapsed against her boyfriend, who was beginning to turn red with rage.

"Chad, something's wrong, I think my drink's been spiked, I can't stop - WOOF!"

Chad's eyes widened, and Rosa gasped. She went to speak and once more came a loud 'WOOF' that others away from their corner of the club took to be mere excitement.

"Honey, what's happening?"

"WOOF? WOOF? WOOF WOOF!"

But already other changes were happened. Rosa growled as her face extended, pushing painfully forwards. Her figure began to compress, shrinking as long limbs shortened and tufts of fur practically exploded from her skin. She hunched over, scratching in panic at her cocktail dress, which began to tear apart due to the sharp dog's claws that were forming in place of her human hands. Her pupils grew even as the rest of her shrank, and there was a sharp popping in her spine as vertebrae reset in place. She gasped, reduced to terrified barking, as a hairy tail sprung out from the back of her dress, much of the rest of her lost within it. And then, there was nothing. Just something shivering within the clothing she had just worn.

Chad stared in horror, and then looked to Morgan, who simply smirked and nodded for him to approach. Ever so slowly, he lifted the dress and flung it to the side. There, struggling on four feet instead of two, and panting in agitation and confusion, was a gorgeous German Shepherd. Its fur was the classic black and red of its breed, but its beauty was offset by its baleful whimpering.

Morgan raised a hand and spoke a minor incantation, and a leash appeared in her hand, leading to a collar around Rosa's neck. Hanging from the collar, sparkling in diamond pattern, was her new name:

ROXIE

A Good Girl

"Much more appropriate, don't you think?" she said, nonchalantly. She passed the end of the leash to the shocked Chad, and began to walk away.

"You - what have you done? Change her back! Now!"

Morgan turned. "Make another demand like that, and you'll get your own doggy features."

Chad silenced immediately.

"Take care of little Roxie here. She's still in there, don't worry, she just has a form to suit her attitude now. Oh, and since she made that comment about me being in heat... well, I've decided to let her enjoy feeling what it's like to be a dog in heat, permanently. That's right, Chad, you're the brand new owner of a dog who will constantly be on the prowl for a good strong Shepherd to lead her astray. Better be careful managing her, or you'll soon have more puppies than you know how to deal with. The good news, at least, is that you'll still get to enjoy her company, even if the relationship has changed. After all, a dog is a man's best friend."

Chad had no idea what to say, particularly as what appeared to be several of Rosa's friends approached to see how she was doing, asking Chad where she was. Morgan patted his head.

"Good boy."

She left just as security was informing Chad he couldn't have a dog on the premises.

Roxie seemed eager to leave anyway. Her new sense of smell must have noticed some particularly virile dogs on the street.

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It was a couple of clubs later that Morgan ran into her next annoyance. She had been feeling pretty good; she'd gotten two numbers from two attractive gentlemen, and a third from a very sexy blonde. It seemed her decision to wear the red dress with the plunging neckline and oh-so-short hem had paid off. She was walking down a lonely street to get to the next big party site, but a group of four young adults in their early twenties were blocking her way. The street wasn't busy, but the principle of the

thing rankled her.

"Excuse me, can I get past?" she asked.

The two men and two women ignored her, though the nearest - a girl with a dark bob and haughty manner - rolled her eyes and sighed dramatically. Then she did something Morgan particularly hated; she pretended not to have heard her. She spied that one of them was carrying a large knife on their hip, and one of the boys had a tattoo of a local delinquent gang. Great, Morgan thought, petty gang members.

"I said," Morgan continued, her voice getting more aggravated, "can you please move so I can get past? You're blocking the footpath."

Again, silence. Morgan was strongly considering using her magic by this point.

"Just go around, don't be such a mom," the girl said. "Anyway, as I was saying, you'd never believe who I saw the other day right? Sharyn! She looks so much better now that she -"

"I'm sorry, what did you mean by that? About me being a 'mom'?"

The woman rolled her eyes. She had a dark leather jacket and pale red lipstick, and her attitude revealed her as someone who was 'too cool' for others. Clearly the leader of the group. "Oh, just the fact that you think you can boss us around like we're fucking kids. We're all adults here, so why don't you fucking move."

The three friends giggled. Two males, one female, all dressed similarly in dark colours. One had a bag of what looked like stolen clothing. One - a male with brown hair and tattoos on his arm - looked a little sheepish, but refused to speak up. The other boy, a blond who carried confidence on his sleep, piped up.

"Yeah, you tell 'em Samantha."

Now Morgan had the woman's name. And with magic, a name can be a powerful thing.

"Tell you what, if you think being a 'mom' is just asking for basic human decency, then maybe you should be one and see what it's really like! And the three of you," she pointed to the woman's three friends, "since you're being such passive babies about this, you can be her babies for real! Maybe then your little leader here will realise how far common courtesy goes!"

"What the fuck," one of the guys said, but by that point she was already calling upon her transformative powers to alter their forms, and tendrils of pink-green light writhed over the forms of the two men and women. They focused into ribbons of light that implanted into their belly buttons, causing each to gasp and clutch their stomachs. From each, a burst of light emitted as cords of that magical light - pink cords from the men, one blue from the woman - shot from their belly buttons and dove down to the ground. The light snaked along the side path until they reached beneath the trousers of the woman who had been so rude, whereupon their shot upwards between her legs and into her waiting womb.

"What are you - UUGGHHHH!" the woman exclaimed. She took two faltering steps back until her back was planted against the wall behind her. She moaned, clutching her stomach in pain as it began to press outwards, growing in size even as her hips spread outwards to become wide, child-bearing hips. Her chest rippled, and she unzipped her leather jacket in response to the strain, just in time for her modest bust to become large and heavy tits, having grown more than a few cup sizes in the span of mere moments.

"Wass.. wass happening to us!?" one of the men cried in a high voice. He appeared to be shrinking, and indeed, his voice was getting higher and more boyish as he fell into his clothes. The other woman and man were following him in his progress, reverting back from their 20s into their teenage years, then even further. They begged and cried, but their transformations only accelerated as they shrunk back in time, the effects of puberty undoing themselves. By this point Samantha looked fully pregnant with twins. Or more exactly, Morgan thought, what will soon be triplets. Her womb stretched painfully, expanding to accommodate three little visitors she never thought she'd house.

Samantha had come to the same horrifying conclusion;; she could clearly see the tendrils of energy had become much more corporeal, turning into what were unmistakably three lengths of umbilical cords.

"Please, no, please I know what those are I - AAAHH UGGH!"

The three cords implanted into her uterine walls, and there was a cry from each of her friends as they reverted to toddler-hood, lost in among their clothing, and retreating to baby forms fast. Morgan grinned as she looked upon the former 'too cool for it' Samantha. Her tits were already E-cups if not bigger, and were beginning to leak droplets of milk down her shirt. She groaned, clenching her eyes shut as the unbelievably long umbilical cords began to contract, pulling her now babyfied friends towards her.

"Oh God oh God this feels so weird please I don't wanna be preggo with my best friends please please please!"

Morgan simply shushed her. "Who is the mom now, dearie?" she asked.

The woman opened her eyes for just a moment before clenching them shut in response to the squirming sensation of withdrawing umbilical cords, reeling in the babies like fishing lines, only these babies were beginning to float harmless in the air.

"I-I am. Now p-please make it s-stop!"

"That's right Samantha. My name is Morgan. And let me be the first to congratulate you on your pregnancy."

"I'm n-not p-pregnant!" she declared, but even as she did the first of her friends reached her nethers and was sucked up, crying futilely at its fate, into her womb. Samantha moaned in pain and shock, clutching her stomach as she experienced the first of three horrifying unbirths. She screamed as the second entered shortly after the first, also crying, her new child as it parted her opening and was pushed through, widening her to an incredibly painful extent. She looked to the witch for pity and found none. The momentary plea made her too late to ready herself for the

final entrant to her womb. As her last friend squeezed inside her body, Samantha's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she made only light groans before sliding her back down the wall to rest on the footpath. She was now an incredibly round young mother of triplets. Her belly was freakishly distended, as if she were on the very verge of going into labour, perhaps even a week past due. Faint stretch marks signified her changes to motherhood, but mostly the huge dome was pristine, taut, and dominating her midsection. It was utterly alien to the young woman, whose shirt was now barely managing to contain her enlarged, lactating breasts. This left her immense pregnant belly on display, her belly button popped, and a stirring motion of developed babies stirring uncomfortably within her.

"... why..." she managed to moan. Between the enormous weight, the ungainly new centre of balance, and the movements of the strange litter within, it was difficult to speak.

"Because you were rude to me," Morgan stated matter-of-factly, "and you were setting a bad example for your friends. So because you called me a mom, maybe you should try being one to your friends. From now on Samantha you're going to have to be a responsible young single mommy to three gorgeous little babies. And because you were so rude, I'm going to extend the pregnancy so they stay at their stage of development for 27 months, AKA the amount of time it would take for three full pregnancies to develop. One for each of your friends who acted like such babies to me. Only after that time will you finally give birth."

Samantha was struggling to take this all in. Within her ripe womb, one or more of her babies kicked. She felt so unbelievably full and tired, and her breasts were aching due to how heavily engorged with milk they were.

"I'm pregnant with my friends... and I have to stay like this?" she whimpered.

Morgan nodded with amusement. "You get to enjoy being nine months pregnant for almost three full years, hun. The bloating, the hot flashes, the exhaustion, the constant kicking of little fingers and little toes, being unable to reach or even see anything past that big ole belly of yours. The works."

Samantha was already beginning to cry, and each kick and prod from within her only made it worse. "What about my friends?"

Morgan just rolled her eyes. "Don't worry about them, they're still themselves, they haven't lost any memories, though their brains are still subject to all the hormones and attention spans of their ages. I imagine most of what they'll be doing is sleeping for the next three years, and after that sucking on their new mum's tits, which they'll no doubt enjoy. They get it easy; you get the hard work. Because I do expect you to raise these little gremlins into proper, functioning adults. You're a mommy now, and those kids are going to be a lot better than the little gang you led here."

Samantha moaned, rubbing her enormous mound. "Pleeease, my friends don't deserve this."

"Nonsense, your friends get to experience something no one else has ever before; being born twice, and getting to experience the wonders of

childhood all over again! I think you'll be surprised at how much they take to their new roles, given they'll have three years in your womb to accept their fates. Just a word of warning though; the spell I used can get pretty random so don't be surprised if some of your friends' genders get a little switched!"

Samantha looked as if she was going to reply with another tearful outburst, but instead she fell once more to surprised groans as her triplets kicked and writhed within her in response to this latest news. And by the time they calmed, Morgan was already gone, leaving the girl to contemplate her new life as a mother of triplets that were once her own peers.

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Morgan continued her walk, basking in the distant moaning of the suddenly hyper-pregnant Samantha trying to come to terms with her new reality. The amused witch was waving for a taxi when she saw something that made her blood boil. A woman of Asian descent wearing a business suit was just flagging down a taxi also when a hairy man in his early forties began calling out drunken slurs to her.

"That's right, go back straight to the airport so you can fly off back to where you came from," he called out.

"I'm born and raised here, you racist!" she yelled. Even her accent was local. Despite her courage, the woman looked frightened, and all the more eager to flag a taxi to get away from him.

"Yeah, sure, that's what they all say. But you never really belong here, do you?"

"I am an accountant! I work in that building there, thank you very much!"

"Yeah, and where are your parents from? Huh? Fucking answer me!"

The woman was much smaller than the man, and made the decision to disengage.

The man continued to approach, becoming ever more threatening as he threw an empty beer can in her direction. "What is it? Don't understand me? Why are you even in this country when you can't even speak the language?"

The woman was deeply afraid by this point, and Morgan found herself uncharacteristically empathetic towards another. The lady was short and waifish, pretty but not beautiful, and she wore a long blue skirt beneath a button top. All in all, a prime target for a racist on a drunken bender.

"J-just leave me alone!" she cried, "I've got a baby at home whose hungry that I need to get to, and I don't want to have to deal with this."

The man threw up his hands while Morgan approached unseen. "Oh, she's got a baby too does she! How many? One? Two? More? That's what you lot do isn't it? You come over here and you just breed like rabbits." He stepped forward and jabbed a finger at her stomach. "You're probably knocked up with a litter right now aren't you?"



Morgan began weaving magic from the air around her, but even as she did another figure entered. He was also a man, albeit one in his mid-thirties and thinner, with a set of round glasses that made him somewhat less-than-intimidating.

"Hey, you leave that poor woman alone! We don't tolerate that kind of hate speech here."

The big hairy man turned. "What have we got here? A little white knight come to save the invader! Didn't you hear, she's already got a whole litter of kids. She's not putting out for you, so why do you care?"

The man rallied, even as the hulking gym rat towered over him. "Because she's a person, and no one deserves to be treated like that. Take your racism elsewhere, bud."

The racist man smirked, took a step forward with a fist raised. The poor woman took a step back in fear, but the man standing up for her stood his ground even as the fist shot forward. It was then that Morgan acted, hissing an incantation as she thrust her arm outwards, enveloping the aggressive drunken figure in green light.

His fist stopped. In fact his whole body stopped as if frozen in time, but for his eyes which darted from side to side in a confused panic.

"Tell me, what is your name?" Morgan demanded, more angry than she had been for the whole night.

"M-Mark," the racist man replied without meaning to. The woman was also terrified by this point, as was her defender.

"You need not worry about me, you too. You may go ma'am, go home to your baby."

The woman nodded, fearful but believing she was witnessing some miracle. She fled down the street in the direction of her child, waving for a taxi to pick her up quickly. The other man stood, uncertain of what to do.

"I recommend you stay," she suggested, "you may want to see this.. ?"

"Fred," he replied, looking a little daunted. "Are you... are you a witch?"

"I am," she said, "and normally quite a vindictive one, but you helped save that woman from this hateful creature, and that counts for a lot in my book, especially given I have a strong sympathy for underdogs and loners." Morgan regarded Fred's prematurely balding head, his thick glasses, his thinner figure and sad eyes. "And I have a good eye for recognising underdogs and loners. Very good Fred. Let's give Mark his just desserts shall we?"

Mark looked very panicked indeed. Now brought beneath the light of a streetlamp, she could see he had an unshaven look, with coarse facial features and unkempt brown hair. He stank of booze, and he wore a simple dark T-shirt and set of jeans. He whimpered as she spoke the incantation, green and pink light shooting from her fingers and disappearing into his form, which had already begun to shift and contract. His muscles melted into his form, his height shrank, and his skin darkened much to his

astonishment.

"W-what's happening to meeeee!" he screamed. "What are you doing - NNGGGN!"

Even as he yelled, his voice became higher and higher until it took on a light feminine lilt. His chest surged forwards slightly, two supple breasts forming to press against his now too-big t-shirt. Mark looked to Morgan in panic as a new change began, between his legs.

"N-no!"

Morgan just smiled. "Yes."

"You can't take my di - 000HHHHH!"

The increasingly former male wailed in discomfort as his groin was sucked up into his body, inverting to form a passage way towards a new organ, one that was just beginning to form. An ache beneath his stomach gave way to a sudden growth; a womb and twin set of ovaries were forming, leaving him undeniably now a her. There was an audible crunch as his waist contracted inwards and his hips - her hips - stretched outwards to form quite an hourglass, babymaking look. His eyes, which had been wide in fear and the colour of a blue sky, now darkened and became narrow. His light hair darkened, trickling down his back and becoming long and black.

Fred watched in shock as it all occurred.

"Help... me... me need help!"

She covered her dainty, demure lips as she pronounced the words in a heavy Chinese accent, and squealed as her clothes shifted to become a modest blue dress that revealed some of the curves of her new, feminine form.

"What you do me? Why can't talk right!?"

Where once there stood the tall, muscle-bound and drunken form of Mark, now there was the petite figure of a young Chinese woman around the age of 25. She was pretty without being beautiful, with small breasts and a short stature. Her long black hair was bound in a long ponytail that still managed to reach the small of her back. She appeared vulnerable and cute, the exact kind of person Mark would have loved to victimise with his abuse.

"I woman... why I woman!" she cried in her heavy accent, struggling with the words she no longer understood clearly. She spoke again, much faster this time, but all that came out was a length of gibberish to Morgan. After all, she didn't speak Mandarin, and now Mark certainly did.

The other man, in the meantime, was looking very interested in Mark's transformed body; scared and daunted, but the growing tent in his pants made other feelings very clear as well.

"I did this because I'm a witch, Mark. My name is Morgan, and I don't like racists like you. That's why you've changed, and you have the rest of your life to put up with it - I'm not changing you back."

The woman cowered. "No, please! I sorry!"

"Too late, you are no longer Mark. Your name is Chen Hwau, and you're an immigrant in this country now. Someone who came to make a better life for herself. There's an opportunity for growth there, Chen." She looked now to the other man, who still hadn't moved away.

"F-Fred," the man stammered. "You're the Morgan? The one that... the centaur woman in Mexico."

She smirked, remembering the good times. "Not many people know that was me. You must be quite the intellect Mark."

"I'm... I'm just an accountant."

"There's nothing wrong with that. But not exactly a job that attracts the ladies, is it? Fred, do you happen to be single? I saw how you were looking at our new little Chen Hwau here."

Fred was sweating nervously. "I'm... not sure I shou-"

"Just answer honestly Fred, I swear I won't change or hurt you. I only change and hurt bullies, like Mark here." She flicked her eyes to the timid white man-turned-Chinese woman. "Well, bullies and rude people."

"Well, yes, I am single. I had actually asked that other lovely lady on a date, but she already had someone. I was a little embarrassed." He idly scraped his foot against the ground. "I'm just very lonely these days."

Mogan smiled. "Well, how would you like a brand new wife to keep you company?"

Fred took a step back. "That would be wrong, it would -"

"More wrong than being a drunk racist hassling a woman just because of her looks? More wrong than leaving Chen here, stuck as a Chinese immigrant for life, with little English skills and no job prospects?. Not a good combination. She'll need someone to care for her and support her, someone to keep her company on lonely nights and ensure that her transition to womanhood is complete... education."

The woman formerly known as Mark tried to understand the flow of conversation, but her knowledge of English had been reduced to the mere basics, and she couldn't understand what they were saying. Instead she was placing a wandering hand between her thighs, her eyes beginning to fill with fresh tears as she realised her manhood was indeed gone.

"She is rather pretty," Fred admitted. "But I can't in good conscience..."

"She is pretty, and she deserves someone with a good conscience. Someone like you, who can make her comfortable in her new role, and learn to be better. She's all alone now Fred. She can't hurt you, or anyone, ever again. My spell has made sure of it. She'll be compelled to be a loving wife, even if the man inside takes longer to get used to the prospect. And speaking of her prospects, well, she can either be your wife or try living off the street."

His brow creased. "It sounds exceptionally cruel."

"I'm a witch. I don't go in for high-minded solutions. I cast retributions that I find enjoyment in, but here, at least, I give someone better than me a chance to pick up the pieces. And, well, no offence Fred, but it's also your chance to have something a little better."

She waited patiently for over a minute while he mulled it, staring into the eyes of the whimpering woman.

"I can't leave her on the street. And I would be kind to her... but -"

"No buts, your time is up, and what you said is good enough for me." She flicked her wrist, a green thread of energy tied around the two, linking them, before fading invisibly.

"From now on, you are no longer Mark, you are Chen Hwau, a young mail-order bride from the poor countryside of China who came to America to marry Fred here. That's right, both of you are now married."

A wedding ring materialised on the newly-minted Chinese woman's ring finger, as well as on that of her new husband. The former male was finding it hard to follow all that was said, but understood what was happening now. Her eyes told the story.

"Just a few ground rules before I let you both become further acquainted. Chen, I give you back your understanding of English for the moment, so you can hear what I have to say. One small mercy I grant is that you can relearn your old language fully, if you so apply yourself.

"Now, both of you are husband and wife for life. Chen will be compelled to be the perfect housewife; she will cook and clean, keep the house tidy, and now knows a wonderful array of Chinese dishes to serve. And given her potty mouth dealing with that foul woman, she will be absolutely unable to swear or use foul or sexist or racist language ever again. She will also become insatiably horny whenever you are in the mood, Fred, and always cum when you do. Because of your racist comments as Mark, I'm going to make Chen the very thing he accused that poor woman of. She will be naturally submissive - no matter how much she doesn't want to be. She will also be very, very fertile, and will always have multiples when she gets pregnant. After all, that's what you accused that woman of, right Chen? Since Mark had such a racist ideas about Chinese women, now he can see what it's like to give birth to lots of beautiful half-Chinese children. Provided, of course, that's what you would want Fred?"

Fred gulped, and tugged at his collar. He was embarrassed, and more than a little overwhelmed. "I am pretty well off... and, uh, I always did want a big family."

Chen gasped. "No, please, no get pregnant!"

"Not up to you anymore Chen! You're going to be a darling submissive wife till the end of your life, and during that time you'll get to have the unique experience of feeling a man spurt his seed inside you, having it take root, growing slowly with his children - morning sickness, swollen boobs, lactating, the works - until you finally give birth and have to start breastfeeding your little brood. And then the cycle will start all

over again, till Fred has had his fill. Sorry to say honey, but I've given you a body that's just made for breeding. Good luck, and my congratulations to you both."

Morgan walked away from the couple even as Fred hesitantly stepped forward and placed an arm around Chen's small waist. She tried to relent, but Mark's will was weaker than the magical compulsions on her new body, and so she submissively pressed her body to his. Worse, a warmth was trickling through her figure, a heat blossoming within. Mark had always felt women were naturally made to be homemakers and mothers, so it was with the deepest discomfort that he realised that he was now experiencing a bodily craving to be impregnated, the flush of fertility, to become gravid with a man's babies. He could feel his potent potential in his female form and despaired at the realisation that this body could become pregnant very, very easily.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't going to choose this," said Fred. "I was going to let you stay free, help you financially. I should have said before she overrode me."

Chen tried to keep up, but could only manage the general gist of what was being said.

"You... you help me?"

He nodded. "I'll help you. You're my... wife, after all. We're stuck together. And, well, you are very beautiful."

She could only sigh, still overwhelmed by what had happened to her, and trapped on this man's arm. And so Fred and the newly-changed Chen Hwau walked away down the street, her arm holding tightly onto his, body pressed close. Deep within, Mark was panicking, but he felt a deep need to communicate something to his husband, who for some reason looked positively manly and comforting now.

"Tonight, I cook for you?"

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Several more transformations followed as Morgan made her way to her final club experience. One of significance occurred when she found a lone seat at a club, to gather her thoughts and enjoy a drink. A couple of men who were clearly good friends approached her. Both had been eyeing her impressive body for some time.

"Hey there," one said, not nearly as slick as he thought he was. "I'm Rob."

"And I'm Aaron," the other said, not looking quite as confident as his friend. Both were fair-haired and had moderately strong builds. If she had the whim, she'd enjoy getting their numbers, but right now she wanted some alone time.

"Sorry boys, not interested. Just enjoying a glass and my own thoughts."

Andrew backed off a little, but Rob didn't possess his friend's tact.

"See, my friend Aaron and I have a bet, you see. We bet that I'm the

cuter of us two, and we're looking for a beautiful woman to be the judge."

"We thought you might like to judge between us, see where things go."

"Yeah, we frequent this joint. I've not seen you round these parts before. I'd be happy to give you the VIP tour."

She looked at him closely, making a judgement. Rich designer shirt and pants. Slick gelled hair. Born-to-rule attitude. The boy was probably the son of some rich CEO or politician. He reeked of the mainstream, the wealthy assholes who thought they ran the world.

"I don't know," she said, "you both look a bit mainstream to me. A bit too 'clean.' I go a bit more in for the punk look myself."

He smirked. The kind of smirk only rich men are capable of. "Punk is for kids who don't know how the real world works. They're minnows, and in this world you've got to be a shark. So, want to swim with the sharks?"

Andrew had backed far more away by this point. Clearly, he was seeing this was going nowhere. But his friend pushed on.

"Did I mention I'm loaded?" Rob said.

There it was. Morgan just sighed, and rested her drink upon the table.

"I'm sorry. You're harmless. I can see even from here that you're nervous. All false bluster. It wouldn't surprise me if this was your first attempt at seducing a woman. You're what, twenty one? Twenty two at most? Either way, normally I'd leave you alone." She paused dramatically, watching their confusion.

"But I can't have you insult the glorious genre that is punk."

She flicked her wrist, and over the course of thirty agonising seconds of panic and change, the one known as Robert underwent bodily changes; his height shrunk significantly from his tall 6'1 to a diminutive 4'10, his hips flared even as his waist pinched in and muscles melted away to softness. His skin continued to lighten as the changing boy panicked, becoming whiter and whiter until it was near-ivory, his eyes going from blue to a rare emerald green. Robert squirmed as the dull ache in his chest turned into a rapid throb, his nipples tightening with pain and arousal as they enlarged and formed an areola. He and his friend Aaron exchanged a quick horrified glance, both knowing what was coming next, and then Robert released a moan of discomfort in an increasingly feminine pitch as his chest pushed outwards more and more. It surged forwards, from a humble A-cup to a modest B-cup to a sizable C-cup, the process slowing down only as they passed the impressive D-cup range, before finally finishing at hefty DD-cups, which looked very prominent indeed on his reduced figure.

"Holy shit, I've got tits! They're so heavy!" Robert exclaimed, then covered his mouth in shock, as his voice had gone from a male register to a deep, husky female tone, with the exact kind of rough quality that drove his friend Aaron wild. Moments later Aaron heard the first of many deep moans to come as his friend experienced the strange sensation of his genitals being sucked up into his body to form a vagina, and his insides

squirming as his womb grew in. As all of this happened, his skin softened, his form became more lithe, and his hair turned jet black with hints of purple at the edges. His clothing altered to fit her new figure, her shirt becoming a tight white singlet over which a black leather jacket formed. Purple makeup filled in, dark eye shadow followed, lipstick and piercings on her nose, belly button and ears. What remained was a short raven-haired beauty in light Goth-Punk chic style, with pale skin and a prominent bust.

Morgan grinned. "Your name is now Raven and you can't respond to any other. From now on you are a Goth-Punk chick. You will crave listening to all the classic punk legends, will develop a need to exist and thrive around the punk scene. Also, from now will become unbearably horny to the point of discomfort if your friend Aaron here doesn't have sex with you at least once a day for the rest of your lives. There, now neither of you need bother to hit on other people or be each other's wingman again, because now you have each other. Enjoy."

Both of them looked terrified at the prospect of this future – her especially – but already the curse was settling in. As Morgan left them, Raven was already beginning to breathe heavily due to being so turned on, her impressive cleavage swelling and sinking with each great breath. No doubt the former-male was greatly discomfited by the feeling of his changed genitals lubricating themselves in preparation for her wingman's dick. It would be an experience she would likely never get used to, even as she felt it every day in the presence of her friend.

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The last change of the night would be Morgan's most enjoyable alteration of the night. She tolerated many trivial things in life, but one she would never accept was the willingness of others to treat her as an object, and least of all to touch her body without her consent. And so, when a drunk frat boy type had the sheer, unmitigated gall to cop a feel of her left tit from behind, her fury was fire. Lashing out, and without even giving a word beyond her incantation, she enveloped the man in powerful energy, and he found himself shrinking, and shrinking, and shrinking, his bones melting into nothing as his flesh became tiny, soft, and hairless. Smaller and smaller he became, limbs withdrawing into two round sacks of flesh, his eyes and nose and ears and whole face and head disappearing into their mass, until there was nothing noticeably human about these strange heavy boulders of flesh.

Carefully she sculpted his form, preserving his frightened mind within, and converting the raw material towards his new function. The pair of wobbling orbs altered, becoming flatter on one side, taking on a teardrop shape on the other, pink nipples developing at the ends. Finally, she was finished, and a pair of large, perfect breasts floated in the air.

She scanned the horrified crowd of onlookers, until she found a trio of girls who had been partying together. The brunette to the left and blonde to the right were both well-endowed, but their friend in the middle, a smaller dark-skinned woman in her early twenties, was flat as a board.

"You," Morgan declared, pointing in her direction.

The girl lifted a finger to herself. "M-me?"

"What's your name?"

"S-Sita.

"Yes, you. Congratulations on being a late bloomer."

Morgan swivelled her hand and the living breasts shot forward, connecting with the girl in a flash of light and bowling her over. As her friends bent over to help her up and see if she was okay, the girl was suddenly aware of a heavy weight upon her chest that had not been there before. Sure enough, the very seams of her dress were straining to contain a large set of jugs that pushed out aggressively, a long and deep line of cleavage pushing up to her clavicle just to compensate. She placed her hands over her newly blossomed chest, and somewhere a seam gave. With each breath her large boobs rose and fell.

"H-how did this happen?" she said, marvelling at her greatly enlarged breasts. They looked almost absurd on her petite frame. Morgan simply chuckled.

"No need to thank me, let's just say that you and the man that groped my chest will have to get used to sharing some experiences from now on. Oh, and everyone else, while I'm glad you liked the show, it's best you forget you ever saw it." She waved her fingers with green mist, preserving only Sita. "Enjoy!"

The man, whose name was Dylan, could only scream internally and rail against the pleasure of being fondled by his new 'owner'. In only a little while Sita understood exactly what, or rather who, her new breasts were, thanks to a mental connection that existed between them. Able to see through her eyes and hear through her ears, he was only capable of slight, near-imperceptible jiggles that she alone would always notice, but could mentally speak with her when she allowed.

He had no control over anything, and could only experience the strangeness of being a pair of enormous breasts, pressing slightly uncomfortably against the fabric of her dress, and jiggling and bouncing constantly in some small way or another. And worst of all, as it became clear that everyone simply remembered Sita as always having a massive bust, Dylan realised that the now jaw-droppingly sexy woman was starting to consider having him along the ride worth the price of admission.

Sita laid her eyes on a particularly good looking man who returned her smile, Dylan could feel two points of himself harden and become erect with arousal in response. He sickened as he realised the person she was drawing close to was his own friend Gary.

Morgan walked away, congratulating herself on subtly sending Dylan's friend, freshly returned from the bathroom, to go flirt with Sita. Soon Dylan would experience the pleasurable agony of his own friend fondling his mammary form, sucking on his hard nipples, and pressing his face into his boobflesh.

Morgan continued down the street and called a taxi to take her home, thoroughly satisfied with the night's proceedings.

"What a wonderful night out this has been," she mused to the taxi driver, "I hope my victims enjoy their new lives..."



Fortunately for him, the taxi driver simply smiled and nodded, and kept his eyes on the road. She didn't change anyone else that evening, except for her rude apartment neighbour for commenting on her lack of modesty. She needed a new cocktail dress anyway.

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As the night ended...

... Roxie the newly-christened dog scratched at her fur in her boyfriend's room, tail wagging in agitation at what her life would become. As he made phone calls, trying not to sound crazy, she simply tried to ignore the deep-seated need in her doggie body to go out and be bred by a virile member of the canine club...

... an incredibly pregnant young lady named Samantha was breathing heavily on her side, feeling her former friends – now her babies – kick and squirm within her bloated womb for the first day of what would become a long three years. She would have to go bra and clothes shipping in the morning...

... Chen Hwau consummated her marriage with her new husband Fred following a splendid rice dinner. She lay moaning in unwanted pleasure while he shot his hot seed deep into her womb, unable to swear but wishing to, her body shuddering with multiple orgasms. Fitting, as soon she would be pregnant with her first set of multiple children...

... Aaron and Raven sat awkwardly beside one another on her bed, neither touching or talking to the other, while a Dead Kennedys album played in the background. The newly-changed goth girl's body burned increasingly for his, but the two remained obstinate, despite her gorgeous punk looks, that they would not give in to the curse. For now...

... Sita squealed in delight as Gary sucked on and played with her much larger chest. The faint cries of Dylan trapped as her FF-cup boobs echoed in her mind, and she took all the more pleasure in making him experience the same orgasms she was having. They were going to have a lot of fun together, and she couldn't wait to show Dylan off to the world in low cut tops and tight dresses. He jiggled in protest, but she knew one day he would wobble in delight...

The End